

TROTT PUTS SOME "SHOOTING DEVIL" IN WANDERERS

by ARGUS

Woking 3,

Wycombe Wanderers 5

AMAZING Wycombe Wanderers! While their nearest Isthmian League rivals were taking beatings in the murk, rain and gloom of Saturday afternoon, some scintillating off-the-cuff attacking by the Wanderers' forwards made soccer look ridiculously easy on a greasespot pitch as slippery as a huge banana skin.

Woeful Woking—the team which forced Wycombe to a tedious Loakes Park draw only three weeks earlier—were made to look like novices by the first half speed and malevolent shooting of the Wanderers' forwards.

While Wycombe virtually killed the game stone dead by grabbing a 4-0 interval lead, wily Woking veteran Charlie Mortimore shook his grey head in dismay as the home forwards, with nearly two thirds of the first half attacking to their credit, flopped miserably near goal.

WOKING RALLY

Two goals in 45 seconds sparked off a second-half Woking rally but it would have taken a near miracle for Wanderers to have conceded a point.

Major differences between the two sides? — clearly Cliff Trott, who provided the demon, and Ron Fryer, who gave the drive and the delicacy to this lively, vigorous new front line.

In the strong and willing Trott, Wycombe had the game's big personality. When others wilted in the stamina-sapping conditions, Cliff revelled in the hard going. His two goals were a meagre reward.

HAPPY BRAINWAVE

The decision to switch that gifted little artist Ron Fryer into the forward line, at inside-left, was a happy Christmas brainwave. There were no goals in Ron's stocking, but he laid on two of the Wycombe goals and had a fleeting boot in a third.

Those contrasting wingmen Gerald Free and Dennis Atkins also had successful outings. Free did some clever things to outwit the Woking defence and twice swooped to fashion out goals for others while two-goals Atkins, who was hitting the ball several miles per hour faster than anybody else, was both direct and dangerous.

Defenders on both sides made plenty of mistakes — and who could blame them! The ball was as unpredictable as a woman on the tricky surface and when the Wycombe forwards were flashing long passes to each other in the first half, Woking were in real trouble.

ANTICIPATION

Hesitancy to clear by Woking half-backs so nearly cost them early goals against Trott's doggedness and anticipation. Once he survived two tackles, after whipping on to a faulty Woking pass, and drove inches away from goal.

Woking's forwards had plenty of the ball and Wycombe had lucky escapes — especially when a Hebdon shot struck Syrett on the chest and when young George Harris's header glanced off the crossbar. But all the power attacks were coming from Wanderers and Trott rubbed in the finishing lesson when he slammed in a gorgeous low drive after Free had centred quickly to beat the defence.

Goals followed in rapid succession as Wycombe hotted up. A Bates-Free movement ended with Bates scoring at the second attempt and then, after Trott had made goalkeeper Burley make the save of his life to keep out a snorting header, Fryer passes cut out goals for Atkins and Trott.

OUT OF THE RUCK

Both were close range efforts after the ball had been calmly slipped to them out of a ruckus of defenders.

"Wait till the second half," said Charlie Mortimore to a disgruntled Woking fan as he left the field at half-time — and Charlie was as good as his word for as he began to see more of the ball, Woking "came back" with two Matt Collins goals in less than a minute.

Woking pressed strongly and Wycombe, forced to defend, had to put bite in the tackle to keep them out. Johnny Weaver, back with the seniors, had an impressive game.

In the last quarter of an hour, Wycombe's forwards went goal hunting again and Atkins obliged with a fifth success — a typical net-buster after Trott had forced the ball back. With the last kick of the game, Woking's Hebdon scored in the Wanderers' goalmouth to end as exciting and as keenly fought a game as one could have wished.